

50 Cent "Crazy"

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[Chorus]

If you think you can fuck with this G
You got to be cra-zeeeee
I won't do a joint wit'chu, no matter how much
your label try an' pay meeeee
I'm on top of hip-hop, I run with Aftermath
and motherfuckin Shadyyyyy
It's simple, I see you'd like to be me
Y'all niggaz, can't fade meeeee

[50 Cent]

I could be a gentleman or gangster, the bitch done
chose
Got semi-autos to put holes in, niggaz and hoes
My wrist all froze, for flicks I pose
Fiends sample my D's and those, I suppose that's about
a 9
So far the grands stack for niggaz sniffin white lines
Sell anything under the sun to get mines, I'm gon'
shine
Stunt for the summer, H2 Hummer, got paper now I'm
picky
Change the rims, drape the watch, trade the Timbs, I
upgrade
Now I'm paid - catch me in the Trump Tower lobby
Strokin other niggaz hoes is my hobby
Treat me like King Musabi baby, suck me baby
I roll with Shady and Dr. Dre, ohhhh~!
I'm down to, try my luck, see if I can fingerfuck in the
truck
G-5, 50 so live
Soon as my zipper go down her eyes wide
Got her in the telly on the bed with her hands tied,
wooo!

[Chorus]

If you think you can fuck with 50
You got to be cra-zeeeee
I won't do a joint wit'chu, no matter how much
your label try an' pay meeeee
I'm on top of hip-hop, I run with Aftermath
and motherfuckin Shadyyyyy

It's simple, I see you'd like to be me
Y'all niggaz, can't fade meeeee

{*16 seconds of instrumental*}

[Outro]

"Is this what you want?"

G-Unit, God's Plan!!

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